

Broken Part 3

by vamphile

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Broken Part 3

Disclaimer: I obviously did not create these characters. I obviously write this stuff myself, only a single twisted mind could deliver such trash.

>
Personal Disclaimer: I am a graduate student, I spend 90% of my time reading and proofreading important papers for my like, you know, um, future, so don't count on a lot of proofreading of my fanfics. As a matter of fact a good bet would be at least four spelling errors and an abominable lack of punctuation.

>
Oh, also, I love feedback, the good, the bad, and the ugly, but mostly the good. :)

>

>Cordelia was livid, and Angel had forgotten just how much he enjoyed, and dreaded her wrath.

>What?! She asked again, this time her voice was even higher and louder. She felt the pain in her ribs as she yelled but at this point she was beyond caring.

>Angel, do you actually think that I am going to just let you ship me off to Wesley's while you and Greg and Lindsay sit around and debate who is the vilest guy in the room. Angel I am going to be there.

>Angel tried not to smile, it was good to see something in Cordelia's eyes other than pain, and besides, he had no intention of giving in on this one. Cordelia, I know you are concerned but it's too soon.

>Too soon?!?!? She yelled. Too Soon, Angel I have been involved in this longer than you have, a case could be made for the fact that it's my fight, not yours. I am going to be at that meeting tomorrow.

>Angel sighed, all her points were valid, but, he was not ready to put her in a room with Greg, not after she had told him how much she still loved the bastard. Besides, Angel was pretty sure this was a setup of some kind, and Cordelia was in no condition to start a

fight, let alone finish one.

>Cordelia, no.

>Angel, I'm not leaving this building, you can't make me.

>She looked again at his large brooding presence and added quickly,
okay maybe you can Make me, but you wouldn't right, I mean, I can come to the meeting right?

>
Angel didn't know which he found more intimidating, her yelling or her manipulative little girl act, all he knew was that they both meant that she had no intention of leaving peaceably. Cordelia, you can stay.

>
Oh Angel, thank you, you won't regret this.

>
I already regret it, but you are not coming to the meeting, you are staying down here.

>
Cordelia frowned but knew when to quit, it was kind of funny how quickly she and Angel fell back into their old rhythms, she sat on the couch and sulked, but she knew it would get her nowhere.

>
Wesley came in moments later to find Cordelia sitting on the sofa, pouting prettily, and Angel in the kitchen searching for something.

>
Angel, what is it...his question was interrupted by a clatter of instruments falling to the floor.

>
Wesley do you think you could clean this place up? It's a disaster area.

>
Well Angel, if you will recall we have both been rather occupied with other more pressing problems, of late, but if you would just tell me what it is you are looking for I am sure I can help you locate it.

>
I'm looking for a... oh never mind, Wesley, we have to talk,

>
yes of course,

>
upstairs.

>
Wesley followed him out of the kitchen which in truth would have been a health hazard had any of the mess been made up of foodstuffs, but it was mostly books, weapons and the odd candy bar wrapper.

>
Once in his office Angel filled Wesley in on the meeting that was to take place the next afternoon.

>
Well, should Cordelia be around for that Wesley asked, perhaps I should take her to my place, or a hotel.

>
I already thought of that Wes, but she won't hear of it, she's well, she's got a vested interest in this herself. Wesley stared at him, you mean because of wolfram and Hart.

>
Angel sighed, I mean because of her husband, and with that he gave a brief description of the encounter with Cordelia in her room. He left Wesley with the gist of her love for her husband, without getting into her addiction issues, he would tackle them as soon as this meeting was out of the way, in the meantime he had every intention of keeping an eye on Cordelia and ensuring she didn't go overboard with her means of escape.

>
Wesley sat across from Angel's desk, head in his hands, she is still in love with him, good god, what has this man done to her.

>
He's destroyed her Wesley, or at least come close. She considers herself, unimportant, disposable, useless, she can't understand how valuable she really is, and no matter how many times we tell her, she just doesn't want to believe it.

>
They both had sad looks on their faces when they made their way back down to Angel's apartment. Cordelia was nowhere to be found, and Angel began to panic, 'til he heard the water running in the

bathroom, when she emerged he hugged her as if he hadn't seen her in years.

>
Cordelia was unprepared for his strong show of affection, it knocked the wind out of her, both physically and emotionally. It had been so long since someone, anyone had hugged her, held her, and here she was being held by someone who made it a point not to make emotional attachments. All of this sped through her mind in moments. The next thing she was aware of was how unbelievably painful this was. Angel had been careful all those other times, and for some reason this time he had forgotten and he was crushing her broken rib against his chest.

>
Angel was panicked when she wasn't in her room, or the living room or the kitchen, he thought she might have snuck out, gone back to Greg, or passed out on the ground on her way somewhere, so when he heard the water running the relief that washed over him was tangible. When Cordelia came out of the bathroom he didn't see the bruises that flawed her perfect skin, or the frailty only slightly hidden by the loose clothing, he only saw Cordelia, safe, and before he could think about it he was hugging her to him, holding her against him as if he might never allow her to go.

>
He finally came to his senses when he heard her yell his name.

>
Angel, great, you are happy to see me after a whole, wow, has it been fifteen minutes already, but uh, I can't breathe here.

>
He let her go, backing away embarrassedly, I um, thought you might have left, he explained, I was just relieved to see you safe.

>
She smiled, I'm here, safe, see, so um, okay, I'll be right back.

>
With that Angel fell back into his protective mode.

>
Cordelia, why don't you come sit here, we can watch TV or something.

>
Um, great, in a minute okay.

>
Cordelia don't please.

>
Angel, what are you talking about? Cordelia asked, trying to put an innocent laugh into her voice, but failing.

>
You know what I am talking about, you don't need another one, you just took some. I'm sorry I hurt you, so sorry just please don't.

>
Angel, you think that just because I am going into my room I am planning on taking another pill, please, I just wanted to get a, um, my, uh, thing.

>
Angel looked at her, Cordelia.

>
Angel, look you couldn't understand this,

>
oh I couldn't Angel asked, the need and desire for a substance that you know is bad in the long run, I couldn't understand that?

>
Cordelia looked at him, okay so maybe you could understand it, but it's not like that, I mean I'm not hurting anybody.

>
You're hurting yourself Cordelia.

>
Cordelia stared at the hardwood floor and said nothing, hurting herself was not an issue for her, why should it be for him.

>
Angel, it's no big deal she said quietly, tears in her voice.

>
Then don't do it Angel said.

>
Fine she said and she curled herself into a ball on the chair, she just didn't know if she could sit anywhere near him without it turning into a tearful sob scene again, so instead she turned on some

inane sitcom and pretended to watch, in fact she was lost in thought.

>
Angel pretended to watch the stupid show she had put on but in fact his attention never left her. He glanced over constantly to make sure that she was okay, he didn't know what he expected, but so far every time he had thought they were over the worst of it some new problem reared its ugly head, he had a feeling that it would be a long time until he felt secure in her safety.

>
Wesley came in from cleaning the kitchen to find them both watching his least favorite show on television. Does anyone mind if I change the channel he asked.

>
There was no answer from either of them.

>
Well then I guess I will just go ahead and change it then, Wesley was amused, Cordelia kept casting glances from her knee to Angel and back to her knees again, while Angel's glances went from a spot somewhere above the TV to Cordelia and back again. If it weren't so sweet it would be kind of funny. Wesley found his favorite television show, a silly story about vampire hunters who when to high school, really just childish, but he found it so amusing he was riveted to it.

>
Angel and Cordelia continued their little game while Wesley settled down with a soda and an absolutely insipid plot about some boy who cast a spell to make himself the most popular man in the world, it was really silly.

>

>Hours later Cordelia still hadn't spoken to Angel , she got up. I'm going to sleep, we have a big day tomorrow. Yeah Angel said good idea.

>I'll be back first thing then Wesley added, and headed toward his own apartment.

>Once Cordelia was in her own room she washed down a couple of valium with vodka and curled into bed, still fully clothed. It would be a while she mused ',til she felt completely safe and the thin layer of cotton somehow made it a little easier. She stared at the wall and concentrated on the meeting tomorrow, what it could mean, and whether she would have an opportunity to talk to Greg alone, her mind went in similar circles until her eyes closed and she fell into a drug induced sleep.

>Angel crept into her room quietly, he had been laying in bed but his thoughts continued to race, he felt better on the stool across from her bed, he felt better when he could keep an eye on her. I will leave before she wakes up, he promised himself.

>Cordelia awoke to find Angel sitting across the bed from her, it was somehow comforting and disconcerting at the same time. She glanced at the watch on her wrist, god, noon, the meeting was in an hour.

>She sat up and smiled a little embarrassed, I guess I slept late.

>You were asleep for a long time, he said.

>I'm tired lately.

>I can imagine he said.

>Well, we, you she corrected herself, you have a lot to do, so I'll just take a shower and wait. She looked at him expectantly.

>Cordelia, I haven't changed my mind, you will not be at this meeting, but I will let you know everything as soon as I have it all worked out. Okay?

>Okay.

>With that Cordelia threw her legs over the side of the bed. Angel, a little privacy please. Sure, as soon as you take your medication I'll

go.

>You can go before that.

>No, I can't. I've given this a lot of thought, and from now on, I'm gonna hold those bottles, Cordelia, I know you don't care if you hurt yourself, but I do, and that's gonna have to be enough for now.

>Angel, you don't...

>I do, so, take what you think you need this morning, and then give me the bag, it will be safe.

>You will be safe.

>She bowed her head, she had no intention of letting him have all of her pills but she would let him think he had them, at least until the meeting was over, after that, things would change.

>Angel watched her swallow a couple of pills, when she took the vodka bottle to wash them down he touched her arm, and lowered it away from her face. He handed her a glass of water, and took to bottle from her. she frowned but followed his wordless direction.

>Angel took her bag and locked it in the weapons cabinet, and then went upstairs to be there to greet his "guests".

>Wesley was already in the office, making coffee and laying out donuts. Wes, this is not a social occasion.

>Well Angel, I don't like these men any more than you do, but that is absolutely no reason to be rude.

>Angel smiled, British etiquette would be a mystery to him no matter how long he existed.

>Greg and Lindsay came in together, promptly at one. there was a strained silence as they each took a seat in front of Angel's desk. Angel chose to stand. Wesley perched himself on the edge of the desk, and started the conversation with offers of coffee and crullers.

>Cordelia herd the door in the back open and she quickly sighed for the case of liquor she had ordered yesterday, she stored it under her bed. God bless Wesley and his dustruffle, she thought to herself.

>Once that small bit of business was taken care of she did a quick check of her makeup, most of the bruises were hidden, and only the most obvious left blotchy areas under the healthy glow of her foundation.

>She walked upstairs and steeled herself for the confrontation she knew was coming.

>What do you want? Angel began.

>Lindsay spoke, we want to make a deal with you.

>I am not in the habit of making deals with demons, Angel said.

>Hey, hey, Greg cut in neither of us are demons, we're all just people here.

>Angel looked at him, was it possible that Greg still didn't know what he was?

>Angel was silent for a moment, and then a moment longer when he saw Cordelia entered the office.

>Cordelia, Angel said, good to see you, why don't you go back downstairs and I'll be there in a few minutes.

>Actually Lindsay cut in, this is just as much about her as it is about you, why doesn't she stay.

>Cordelia smiled and sat on a chair in the corner of the room, arms around her legs, if anything in a smaller ball than Angel had ever seen her. it's as if she's trying to disappear he thought, and he realized how strong she really was. There was no doubt in her mind that she was positively panicked at the moment, but she wanted to be here and she stood her ground.

>Angel sighed.

>Lindsay was about to begin to talk when Greg approached Cordelia.

>Angel moved to block his access, Greg skirted him and knelt in front of Cordelia.

>Angel decided that now was not the time to start a fight, but he watched warily, every muscle coiled for action at the first sign that Greg might have intentions of doing anything more than speaking to his friend.

>Oh god Cordelia, Greg said with a broken voice, it was almost a sob, little more than a whisper, I am so sorry. It's not your fault Cordelia said back in a small voice.

>Angel wanted to contradict this simple statement that said so much about how hurt Cordelia really was, psychologically, but he held his tongue for the moment.

>It won't happen again, Greg said, I promise, never again.

>He reached to brush her hair away from her face, and she cringed, pulling her head back away from him quickly.

>Angel broke in right there.

>That's enough of the tearful reunion, why don't you tell me what you want so I can say no and you can get out of my office.

>Lindsay took center stage again, Angel, I don't think you're going to be so inclined to say no once you hear my offer.

>You see, we, Wolfram and Hart that is, have had our eye on Greg for awhile, since the wedding actually, but not because of any special interest he might hold for us, it was more about his wife.

>Me Cordelia asked?

>Her Greg said, what would you want with her.

>Angel could hear Greg's disdain for his wife in his voice, he wanted to throttle him, to scream at him, to list every important and amazing quality Cordelia possessed, all of those qualities he had so systematically tried to crush, but again he chose to just hold his tongue.

>You see Lindsay continued, Cordelia has a special gift, one that is of particular interest and use to us at Wolfram and Hart, and we intend to use it.

>Greg looked confusedly at Lindsay.

>Cordelia began to protest, but I don't have anything.

>You are a seer, Lindsay said.

>No, Cordelia replied, not for years.

>Yes, but you have the power, the Powers That Be gave it to you, and we have certain shaman and mystics who could retrieve that power for you.

>Angel broke in at this point. This power of hers, it's to help the helpless, why does wolfram and Hart want it, I can't imagine they are changing sides at this late point in the game.

>No Lindsay said, we, you and I, are actually on the same side Angel, when it comes to this proposition. You see, Cordelia will get her abilities back, with a slightly different angle, she will be able to locate certain demons for us, a useful tool that some of our clients would like us to have. Anyway, the part where you come in is this, should Cordelia see any of these demons opening a hell mouth, or trying to oh say, raise Alcatha and have the world sucked into hell, he raised his eyebrows meaningfully, you would be notified.

>While Wolfram and Hart is very interested in locating demons and the like, we have a strong desire to keep the world from Armageddon, and that, is where you will help us.

>Angel pondered the implications of all that Lindsay had said. Why, he asked, wouldn't I just find out from Cordelia where the demons you

are trying to locate are, and destroy them?

>Because then we would destroy Cordelia.

>I won't allow that to happen Angel said.

>You won't have a choice Lindsay replied. You will recall that a demon opened her mind to all the pain at once several years ago, we could do that again, with no escape clause this time, but, we wouldn't want that if you keep your part of the bargain. What I am proposing here is a truce Angel.

>What you are proposing is a hostage situation Angel replied.

>Greg chose this moment to express his complete confusion. What are the two of you talking about? Demons, Armageddon, what is all of this?

>Angel looked at Lindsay, you don't fill your lackeys in on anything do you.

>This agreement is being structured on a need to know basis Lindsay replied.

>Angel glanced at Cordelia, she was shaking, holding herself tightly to try to hide it but she was obviously thrown.

>Wesley, Angel said, take Cordelia downstairs.

>I'm staying she said in a small voice.

>I'm staying she said, this time her voice a little stronger, the two of you will not bargain over the use of my head without me here.

>Angel sighed, she was right, but he was worried, he approached her, Greg tried to stop him but he shouldered past the smaller man.

>Cordelia he said, I won't let this happen, don't worry, just go down stairs with Wesley...please.

>Cordelia shook her head,

>Angel turned around and announced, this meeting is over, the answer is no.

>Then how will you know when the end of days is coming Lindsay asked?

>Angel stopped dead in his tracks, what are you talking about.

>It is soon, Wolfram and Hart have heard rumors and we have reason to believe that it is immanent, that is why we had to step up our efforts to locate and obtain the uses of the seer.

>I believe Lindsay said quietly, and menacingly, that the end of days has particularly bad implications for the vampire with a soul and his little slayer friend, did I get it wrong.

>Angel sat down, visibly shaken. Lindsay had not gotten it wrong, both Wesley and Giles had been studying the foretold armies of hell for years now, and the only thing they knew for sure was that he, and Buffy were implicated in the ritual in some way.

>Surely you would like all the information you could get on the subject, Lindsay added, we could arrange that.

>Not at the cost of Cordelia Angel said.

>Not at any cost, Lindsay asked?

>Cordelia looked up, Angel, would it save your life?

>Cordelia, it doesn't matter, Buffy and I, Wesley, Giles, all of us, we know a lot about this, we will stop it.

>But I could help.

>No Angel said, come on, one of your headaches might kill you now, he replied, only half jokingly.

>Angel, if I died saving the world, my life would mean something right?

>Cordelia, he said kneeling in front of her, your life already means something.

>But this, this is the kind of sacrifice Doyle would make, Doyle did make.

>No Cordelia, this is not the answer.

>Yes it is Cordelia, Greg interrupted. This is our answer to everything, the money problems, the, well all of our problems would be solved, Wolfram and Hart are inclined to be very generous, they have made us an excellent offer, we can move, to a bigger house, live better, not have the same kind of worries we had before.

>Angel looked at Cordelia who seemed to be buying what Greg was saying.

>Cordelia you can't do this, this is not the solution.

>Cordelia sighed. I'm really tired, I'm going downstairs. Lindsay, you will have my answer in the morning.

>I can't wait to hear from you he smirked, and with that he turned and left the office.

>Cordelia, Greg said, please don't go, come home with me, we can talk about this, make the decision together. We can sit, and have a drink and talk, just like when we were first married, come with me please.

>Cordelia wanted to, more than anything she wanted to just go home to Greg, to her life before, but she knew Angel would drag her kicking and screaming out of there, or worse, he might give up on her and not. Either way she couldn't just walk out on him now.

>Greg, come back tomorrow, we can talk, here, I can explain a lot of things I probably should have told you before.

>Explain what Greg asked, his voice lowering menacingly, what can you explain tomorrow that you can't tell me right now?

>Greg, I am really tired, and in truth she was.

>Greg grabbed her arm, don't walk away from me.

>Angel grabbed Greg's arm, let go of her he said.

>She's my wife, or can't you remember that she made her choice, she chose me, not you.

>We all make mistakes Angel said. That doesn't mean that we have to pay for them forever.

>Greg looked at Cordelia, is that what I am to you, a mistake.

>Tears were streaming down Cordelia's face, not just from the pain of Greg's grip, he thumb had landed purposefully in the burn on her arm, digging into it, taking all of her strength not to cry out, but from the emotions that were colliding against each other.

>She loved Greg, but she loved Angel, and the safety he provided. She was so confused she just ran out of the room, crying I'm sorry, but she honestly could not have told anyone in that room just who or what she was apologizing for.

>Wesley followed Cordelia to the apartment, Angel helped Greg to the door with a harsh shove and was there just a few minutes later.

>Cordelia was nowhere to be seen.

>She's in her bedroom Angel, she just wants to be alone she said, she is very confused.

>Yeah Angel said, me too.

>What do you think Lindsay knows about the end of days.

>I don't know Wesley said, probably no more than you or I do, we have been researching it rather exhaustively.

>I don't believe his bluff Angel said, it's my guess he is using that as bait, he wants Cordelia, and there is no way he is out for the greater good.

>Good god Angel, do you realize what would happen if they did have access to Cordelia's gifts? It would be catastrophic, a corporation

of that size and resource, with the knowledge of future events, there is no good to be seen there.

>I hope Cordelia sees that.

>The promise of helping you, that is the part she seemed to latch onto.

>I don't need her help.

>Cordelia had heard enough, listening at the door had gotten her more than she had bargained for. Catastrophic, her gifts could cause catastrophe? She knew what she had to do, she fished one of the bottles of vodka from under the bed and removed from under her pillow the one bottle she had been able to keep away from Angel, it was seventy five seconal, an old prescription from a previous hospital visit, with a minor adjustment in prescription. She swallowed all of them with the vodka, it took her several gulps, and a few times she was sure she was going to throw up, but she told herself, this is the one way to help everyone, she would be out of everyone's way, and there was no chance wolfram and hart could use her gifts to their own evil purpose. Angel didn't need her help, that was true, but he also didn't need to be worrying about her all the time. She held back the bile as she took a last swig of the clear liquid that burned down her throat.

>Cordelia lay back on the bed, she felt warm and relaxed, and could feel the effects of the drug working through her system, she fell asleep above the covers, on her back, a small smile on her face.

>Wesley and Angel were still talking in the living room.

>I didn't mean it like that Angel said, I don't need her help so badly I am willing to let her risk her life for it.

>I understand Angel.

>God, what a scene he said, sitting down, has it only been three days since I picked her up, it feels like years.

>Angel, you are doing all you can.

>I need to talk to her.

>give her some time Angel, she needs to calm down. Everyone needs a little time to themselves.

>Yeah, I know, you're right.

>He sat for ten minutes, fidgeting, then he paced for another three.

>Well, that should be enough time he said and knocked on her door,

>no answer.

>He peeked in, she was asleep, he sat on the stool across from her bed.

>It was a familiar position for him but something struck him as strange.

>He realized it was her position, rather than being curled under the covers she was sprawled across the bed on her back, he stood up to arrange the covers over her when he spied the vodka bottle on the floor.

>He went to pick it up and spied the case under the bed, he was annoyed but imagined he shouldn't be surprised, when he pulled the case out, figuring he would lock it in the weapons cabinet with the rest of her pills, he heard a rattle and saw a brown pharmacy bottle skitter across the floor, apparently knocked from it's previous location by the box of liquor. He fished under the bed for the bottle and as soon as he saw it, open and empty he panicked.

>Cordelia he said,

>Cordelia, louder this time.

>Now he was yelling, hitting her face lightly, moving her arms, trying to elicit any type of response. He put his hand to her mouth

and felt a soft warm breath, she was still alive.

>Wesley he yelled, call an ambulance, never mind, just call the hospital tell them I am coming and with that he scooped her small frame into his arms and took off at a breakneck speed through the sewers.

>He arrived in the basement of the hospital just 7 minutes later, and made his way through the morgue where an orderly apparently believed him to be stealing a body, hey, buddy he yelled, you got to leave her here.

>Angel ignored him, hearing nothing but the shallow sound of her breathing which was the only thing he could concentrate on at the moment, as long as that didn't stop it would all be okay he kept telling himself.

>He flew into the emergency room just a few moments later, yelling for anyone to help him. He quickly told the doctor what he had found. They took Cordelia from him, and rushed her to a closed room, they would not allow him to observe.

>He paced,

>then he sat for a moment but couldn't keep still

>he paced some more

>then he sat,

>Wesley found him on his third bout of pacing.

>Is she, will she,

>I don't know Angel said, oh god, why did I leave her alone, why did she do this?

>I should have done something, I shouldn't have let her be at that meeting, I should have insisted...

>the doctor came out, it was the same doctor who had seen her just a few days before for her injuries.

>I had to pump her stomach he said. I don't know how many she took, but a lot of them were still undigested, she's really very lucky to have friends like you.

>Yeah right, Angel said, lucky.

>Well, the doctor added, she is in stable condition, but she hasn't woken up yet, she is heavily sedated, her doing, not ours, it will probably be hours before she comes to, the two of you should probably go home, get some sleep and come back tomorrow.

>What room is she in Angel asked?

>Um, 16 the doctor said, but she won't be up for hours, he called after the two men with resolute faces who made their way to room sixteen.

>Angel took a seat on one side of her and Wesley on the other. Her wrists and legs were strapped to the bed.

>A nurse came in and Angel said, take these things off of her.

>I can't the nurse said, she tried to hurt herself, we can't risk her doing it again.

>She won't Angel said, don't worry.

>The nurse just looked at him, you the boyfriend.

>No, no, Angel said, I'm family.

>The nurse just nodded and changed the iv and then left the two men to their thoughts.

>Angel looked at the restraints, I should take them off of her.

>Angel, if she tries to run, this might be more effective,

>you might be right, I just can't stand seeing her like, this, why did she do it wes?

>I don't know Angel, I couldn't begin to imagine what she has been through, I wish I could help.

>Christ, I should have seen this coming.

>Angel, If anyone is at fault here, I am, she smiled and told me she was going to her room to get some rest, and I just let her go.

>Wesley, you had no way of knowing,

>nor, I might add did you Angel.

>Angel's head was bowed over her hand, he held it tight and talked to her.

>Cordelia, you are the best person I have ever known, I need you, I never knew how I needed you, or how I missed you until you came back to me, don't leave me now, please don't leave me now.

>He held her hand like that all night, he did not doze off, and the only time he raised his head was to check her eyes for any signs of awakening.

>He didn't see any. Twelve hours later Wesley had drank seven cups of abominable coffee and had not yet convinced Angel to leave her side.

>Angel, you really must go eat something,

>I'm not leaving til she wakes up.

>Angel,

>Wesley, I'm not going.

>He's right Cordelia said, go home.

>Cordelia, Angel said, standing up to gaze into her eyes, his voice broke as he cried a tear when he spoke her name.

>What are you doing here she asked.

>I um, I didn't want to leave he said.

>Angel, why?

>Why didn't I want to leave he asked, confused.

>No why did you save me, now we are all in danger again.

>Danger, Angel asked, I think I just saved you from danger, he was wondering if she might have brain damage.

>Angel, I'm tired so listen closely, Wolfram and Hart cannot use my head to rule the world if I am dead, I have to be dead to save us all, and besides, she said, lowering her eyes, it's more convenient for everyone.

>Convenient, Angel said, now he was angry, you did this for the sake of convenience? Cordelia, there is nothing less CONVENIENT to me than a world without you, and if you think I would let Wolfram and Hart get anywhere near you then you must not understand just how important you are. Cordelia, when are you going to get it through your head that I need you.

>You said you didn't she said quietly.

>When, before you're wedding, I thought we were gonna forget all about that.

>No she said, before, um, what time is it, yesterday I guess it was.

>Angel suddenly recalled the conversations with Wesley.

>Oh god, you heard that?

>I heard that she said.

>Cordelia, you didn't listen to the rest, I said I didn't need your help so badly I was willing to risk your safety for it.

>Oh,

>oh.

>Angel

>yes Cordelia,

>can you untie my wrists now?

>Why?

>So I can hug you.

>He smiled and with that he broke the restraints and held her against his chest.

>Wesley was gratified to see the two of them getting along again.

>Ahem, he coughed. We still have a lot to consider and decide regarding yesterday.

>It can wait, Angel said, Cordelia was asleep again and he lay her head back on the pillow.

>Angel resumed his position next to her with her small hand held between his two large ones.

>It will have to wait.

>The end part three, part four is in the works 610/00
>
oh, have I mentioned how much I crave feedback?
>
Review this story, it will make me happy.
> <p><p>

End
file.